Volume LXXIX CHICAGO, September 20, 1917 Number 3

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Voices

All day with anxious heart and wondering ear
I listened to the city; heard the ground
Echo with human thunder, and the sound
Go reeling down the streets and disappear.
The headlong hours, in their wild career,
Shouted and sang until the world was drowned
With babel-voices, each one more profound. . . .
All day it surged—but nothing could I hear.

That night the country never seemed so still;
The trees and grasses spoke without a word
To stars that brushed them with their silver wings.
Together with the moon I climbed the hill,
And, in the very heart of Silence, heard
The speech and music of immortal things.

—*Louis Untermeyer.*

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Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXX. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1917 NUMBER 3

THE UNEXPLORED, UNCONQUERED.

Out of the clouds come torrents, from the earth
Fire and quakings, from the shrieking air
Tempests that harry half the planet's girth.
Death's unseen seeds are scattered everywhere.
Yet in his iron cage the mind of man
Measures and braves the terrors of all these;
The blindest fury and the subtlest plan
He turns or tames or shows in their degrees.
Yet in himself are forces of like power,
Untamed, unreckoned; seeds that brain to brain
Pass across oceans, bringing thought to flower—
New worlds, new selves, where he can live again
Eternal beauty's everlasting rose
Which casts this world as shadow as it grows.

—John Masefield.

The Congregationalist declares for the church of the baby carriage as the only successful rival of the Church of the limousine.

Good Government pertinently asks, "Who are the law breakers?" It says further, "Treason does not come from open free interchange of opinions of governmental issues. Treason hides its head and does its work in the dark." The American people are unused to intimidations or bulldozing.

A new street carpet-sweeper is described in a recent number of the *Popular Science Monthly* and quoted in the *Literary Digest* of September 1st. The contrivance sucks up the dust and dirt and the filthy air is filtered through a water sieve which returns the air clean and retains the dirt in a box. Who will perfect such a social and spiritual carpet-sweeper and make it available for newspaper offices, thus making pure instead of foul the atmosphere that passes through the editorial sanctum.

Thirty-three years ago the Editor of UNITY started an inquiry among the competent within his reach for the ten great novels in English. The sixty-seven replies were published in the little pamphlet which reached through its eighth thousand and has been so long out of print that not a copy is within reach of the Editor's hand. Should a copy have lodged in the hands of any reader of this note who is willing to dispense with it, the force at the UNITY office would appreciate the copy and will be glad to compensate for the same.

The Standard, the organ of the Baptist churches in Chicago, has not a very kind word for Pope Benedict's attempt to secure peace. It thinks that it is late in the day for the Pope to break the silence so long continued and suspects an influence thrown upon the side of the Central Powers. But the silence of the Pope was not much longer than that of the United States, and when the silence is broken it may be more commendable to utter the notes of peace than to rush into the complications of battle. The Pope in the name of religion has undertaken to mobilize the Christian world. If in some similar way Protestantism and Judaism throughout Europe and America could be heard from, then the end of the awful business would be near at hand.

William Penn is quoted by the *Friends' Intelligencer* as saying, "It were better to be of no church than to be bitter for any church." The piety that reveals itself in bitter opposition to other churches, like the patriotism that is measured by the hate it engenders against other countries, is a doubtful article. This is why so many noble souls like Lincoln stay outside the church because of the religion that is larger than the church, and so many patriots stay outside the parties because their loyalties are international and their devotion is for the race whose country is the whole round world. He who is very conscious of the boundaries of his church and his nation and is a vigilant guardian of the same is little credit to his church and of less value to his country.

"We are all saying and writing things in these days that we some day will be heartily ashamed of and wonder how we ever did it," said a South Dakota judge the other day. Alas, how small and mean the governors and editors, congressmen and mayors will feel when they look back in the cool perspective of time upon their heated speech, their unkind comment, their unfounded apprehensions. "Keep cool! Why so hot my little man?" How the bitter words, the snap judgments, the mock heroics of platform and of pulpit of '61-65, both North and South, appear today

in the light of fifty years. "Copperheads," "rebel," "traitor," "fire-eater," "mudsill,"—how these words have shrunk in the half century just gone. How unwise and unkind was the bitterness, how divine was the patience, how holy the love that over-reached battle lines and avoided the terminologies of hate and the superlatives of sectional and sectarian bitternesses.

The Congregationalist for August 30 announces the resignation of Harry Foster Burns, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oshkosh, Wis., after a four year successful pastorate, during which time the church school has doubled its membership and last year fifty new members were received. It speaks of his success in directing the People's Forum, absolutely a community affair, meeting in the Congregational Church. It speaks of his selection by the Y. M. C. A. for a special lectureship in the various camps in America. But this note neglected to say that during the vacation months of July and August for the last two years Mr. and Mrs. Burns have been in residence at the Abraham Lincoln Centre and Mr. Burns has acceptably occupied the pulpit of All Souls Church. Mr. Burns is prepared to serve a high pastorate in a church that has a broad platform and a hospitable entrance door. Readers of UNITY have had frequent opportunities of sampling his message and the people of All Souls Church and the workers at the Abraham Lincoln Centre will hold them in fond remembrance and their best wishes will go with them wherever their work may lead.

The latest thing in the way of a league is the Red League of Chicago, a society devoted to the scientific study, prevention and treatment of venereal diseases, with Professor Robert H. Galt as president, Rachel H. Yarros, M. D., vice-president, and Roger Sherman, secretary and treasurer. Professor Willett's name appears on the executive committee and that of Dr. W. A. Evans among the thirteen directors. The object is clearly stated and the need of it is obvious. Surely this monstrous blight so promoted by all war was never so frankly faced nor so scientifically treated. The Y. M. C. A. is also taking special account of the situation, sending forth its lecturers to warn and direct the unwary. But all this is but surface treatment of an ill deep seated in the constitution of war itself. It is not want of knowledge, certainly not want of good advice or appalling demonstration, that accounts for this wholesale degeneracy, but it is the removal of those great safeguards of morality which go farther than any of us can realize to secure the moral purity and ethical sanity of the individual. The social protection of home and organized society, the outside conscience expressed in the proprieties, the conventionalized decencies, the nice poise of sex, the wholesome and legitimate intimacies of manhood and womanhood in one another's presence, the regard for the opinion of others, the "fear of the Lord," as expressed in the disapproval of society and the contempt of one's fellows; all these factors enter into the moral life of the young citizen in times of peace, and most of these are withdrawn from the artificial life of the soldier. The opportunities for crime and the chances of vice are fundamental elements in the life of the criminal and the vicious. This is why gambling, drunkenness and licentiousness find so much larger a place in the life of the individual when in camp and on the march than in the ordered home life. We read that crap-shooting became the diversion of the American soldiers in France after pay day. New York papers speak of the appreciation of the Sammies of the English hospitality that gave them drink. When the army becomes as sober, as pure and as free from the gambling vice as the same individuals are from these dissipations in civic life, it will cease to be an army. The better way will have been discovered; the truer patriotism will have been developed; democracy will have asserted itself to the death of the autocracy that is the genius of war.

"Interim Religion"

A distinguished professor at Oxford demands an "Interim Religion," suitable for war-time, a suppression of Christian doctrine to give free play to hate and fury until the "foe" is finally crushed and rendered incapable of further harm.

Thus war produces and perpetuates national hatreds, often reviving those which have lain dormant for centuries, long after their exciting causes have long since vanished. The Germans remember and resent the siege of Heidelberg even as the French could not forget the siege of Paris. The elders of the church, Methodist and Presbyterian, in Ulster recall the starvation siege of Londonderry 300 years ago as though it were an affair of yesterday. War poisons history and its baleful influence lasts for generations, perverting patriotism into partisanship, which means indifference to truth, justice and right.

With the demand for "Interim Religion," the holding in abeyance of the principles of love, comes the parallel demand for "Interim Democracy," a suspension of the principles of Freedom and Justice.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Vacation Readings

One of the distinctive characteristics of a vacation to one whose business keeps him in constant contact with the printed page is that while on vacation the books are allowed to seek him and not he his books. It is a great rest to read without an end in view. There is a sordid element in the hours spent in gleaning for a purpose, reading for sermon, lecture or editorial uses.

It was a fortunate whim or some passing need that led us to refer once more to the "Reminiscences of Carl Schurz" on the eve of our escape from the Chicago sanctum. It turned out to be blessed wisdom, for it brought these two magnificent volumes once more into our hands. Nothing prevented the complete reading of the two splendid volumes of 872 pages, every page of which is crowded full of life. They are quite as full of culture as they are of politics. They are as vibrant with the love of the beautiful as they are thrilling with the sense of justice and the struggle for liberty. The first volume ends with this sentence: "My young wife and myself sailed from Portsmouth August, 1852, and landed in the harbor of New York on a bright September morning. With the buoyant hopefulness of young hearts we saluted the new world." Although still young at the completion of this volume, he had lived a full life. He had known the exhilaration of a reformer, the prison experiences of an agitator, had narrowly escaped the gallows in his romantic and successful effort to save the neck of another from the rope. We see this young man at school, learning how to read poetry, outgrowing dueling, battling with vanity in himself and others as the "most common of weaknesses." We watch him making his first speech, are amused at his unmartial soldiery, already companioning with those who were to be his comrades on American battlefields. This passionate lover of music encounters Wagner for the first time. He had intercourse with Carl Marx, Charles Dickens, Mazzini and Kossuth.

The second volume serves as a splendid introduction to the political and military history of the United States during the tempestuous years of rebellion and reconstruction. This frank autobiography unfortunately ends before it reaches the noble climax of his American life, which extends from the humble attempts at farming in a German settlement in the stumpy little pioneer village of Watertown, Wisconsin, through the high political campaignings for Lincoln and freedom to the diplomatic court of Spain, a major-general in the volunteer army, a cabinet officer and a United States senator. He was always the Christian gentleman, the dauntless knight, the unflinching democrat, one worthy to be the confidential friend of the great Lincoln on the high peaks of his loneliness. To read these 872 pages is of itself a vacation, a new introduction to internationalism, a corrective to the mad, blind generalities of our day that ungraciously forget that Carl Schurz was a noble representative German, the product of Germany, a prophecy of the Germany that is to survive. He is not a patriot but a bigot who would discount the cultural value of the mother tongue of Carl Schurz and poison the atmosphere of the schoolroom with the senseless hatred of "Huns" where the knowledge of Goethe, Schiller, von Humboldt, Wagner and the major tone masters should be inculcated as the key to the democracy still unattained. The American Republic strikes its roots deep into the soil that produced a Carl Schurz.

The frank story of Carl Schurz interlocks with the story of Charles Sumner, and it was a vacation felicity that permitted the reader to run from the banks of the Rhine to those of Charles River. The highbred German had much in common with the blueblooded Yankee. Charles Sumner, who was well called the conscience of the United States Senate, the unflinching abolitionist, became leader in the reconstruction and was one who merited the high compliment of "traitor" in the mouths of partisan bigots because he would return the battle flags to the vanquished South and thus lead the way to the renewed brotherhood. It is to be regretted that the Moorfield Storey book in the American Statesmen Series is so condensed and wanting in the illuminating letters which constitute the most ingenuous elements in literature and which made the Carl Schurz and Andrew D. White books so fascinating.

Still the vacation reader enjoyed the luxury of biographical reading and reveled in big books. The thousand pages of the "Autobiography of Andrew D. White" rendered odious the thought of a novel, and the sight of a magazine was tiresome. For here was the real stuff out of which patriots are made, the raw material to be worked up into an international passion for the big world that is ever growing bigger, the boundaries of which are forever expanding even though barbed wire protected trenches are flooded with human blood for the purpose of staying the progress.

But Carl Schurz, Charles Sumner and Andrew D. White are not left without successors and the heroic age is not a thing of the past. We hardly know now whether to consider Leonid Andreyev's "The Confessions of a Little Man During Great Days" (Alfred A. Knopf, New York) fiction or biography. It is probably both. It is a psychological revealment of the individual soul during the rise of the war and the distractions of enlistment and conscription. It is to be regretted that the author has not carried his suffering hero into and through the revolution in

Russia which is too late even for this latest of Russian writers. This diary of an ordinary clerk in Petrograd reaches from August, 1914, to January, 1916, and reveals with remarkable clearness the inner life of these remarkable people, the sun of whose destiny is just beginning to rise over the eastern horizon. There is something characteristic of the rising Russia in this passage:

> My soul is my own; I am its master. The State can dispose of my body, if it wills, in so far as the law permits, but no one, not Peter the Great himself, has the right of probing into my soul and introducing his laws there, no matter how excellent they may be. People have tampered with my soul too much of late, using it as freely as a public road.

There is something prophetic when he says:

> Every intelligent man ought to be a Liberal. Nations are all alike to me. I make no difference between a German, a Frenchman, or a Jew. For the past two months, however, the papers, the fellows in the office, and every one, has been trying to impress upon me that I ought to hate the Germans. Sasha even said to me today in the most brutal manner, "You must be mean if you can love the Germans now!"
>
> "How do you know I love them?" I demanded. "With my principles I can't hate anyone, no matter who it is."

After reading this book one can see more clearly that this mad passion called hate, born of prejudices and ignorance, easily masks under the delusive word "patriotism."

"The Autobigraphy of a Super-Tramp," by William H. Davies (Alfred A. Knopf), is an incredible story verified by unmistakable internal evidence and also by a very convincing introduction by Bernard Shaw. William H. Davies has won out in the fields of literature. He is now a poet acknowledged by critics, by publishers and by competent readers. The volume of "Collected Poems" issued by the same publisher gives no hint of the tramp, no echo of the slang of the road. It is untouched by the waywardness of "free verse," but it reflects the universal life of man. It shows a prophet's insight into what is really great and abiding in human nature. To a careful reader of these hundred and ninety pages comes a sense of refinement, delicacy, spiritual insight and appreciation of true greatness. Yet when we turn to the Autobiography we follow this man through years of tramp wanderings as a "hobo" across the United States, down the Mississippi, on a cattle ship from Baltimore to Liverpool, and at last losing a foot under a railroad train, which, while in motion, he tried to board to steal a ride towards Alaska. The story quite justifies Mr. Shaw's characterization of the same. Simply, directly and without pretension does this Welshman tell the remarkable story which seems to corroborate the assertions of the Rev. Irwin St. John Tucker of the Hobo College of Chicago, that in this wayward class there are many brilliant intellects, highly specialized scholars and men, paradoxical as it may seem, of clean hearts and pure minds. What is the matter with our colleges and training schools? Masefield, Service and Ledwidge, like our own Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller and Mark Twain, the greatest poet of them all, have served their apprenticeship on the road, in the camp, on the ranch, in the shop, in the mines, or on the high seas.

But we are not "discussing" this subject, but commend this fascinating story of a poet tramp and the volume of poems that accompanies the same. Welsh-Englishman as he is, he brings an unbiased mind to America, "impressions of which," he says, "from the beginning were of the best," and he has never since had cause to change his mind. "The most interesting trait in Americans," he says, "is their respect for women and the way the latter do their utmost to deserve it." Of Baltimore he says, "The people are extremely kind hearted and no one need starve if he has courage to express his wants. The women seem to be as good as they are beautiful. . . . A man would not be making a waste of life if he idled all day in a principal street, reading the face of beauty and studying the grace of forms that pass by." His study of charity organizations from the vantage ground of an honest tramp is very interesting, perhaps the strength and weakness of these later social machines have never been better stated than by the Captain who said, "To give you my candid opinion, the object of the charity organization is not so much to give alms as to prevent alms from being wasted."

It is a long way from this story of an honest tramp, told by one of them, to Professor Harry F. Ward's "The Labor Movement From the Standpoint of Religious Values," but the distance is easily traversed when one is on vacation. Mr. Ward is professor of social service in the Boston University School of Theology and Secretary of the Methodist Federation for Social Service. He is a man upon whom UNITY has been keeping close tab for many years. We have watched him from his humble mission "beyant the tracks" in Chicago to his present position. This volume contains *verbatim* stenographic reports of a series of noon-day lectures delivered at the Ford Hall, Boston, with the questions and answers that followed. Trade Unions, Socialism, Syndicalism, the Demand for Leisure, the Demand for Economy, Violence and Its Causes, Labor and the Law, Democracy and Industry, are some of the subjects discussed. It may well be taken as the last sympathetic word which an open minded minister of religion has to say on these subjects. That the Methodist Church has not only tolerated Mr. Ward but promoted him, is the most forceful evidence of its present virility and guarantee of its future usefulness that can be offered. So long as Mr. Ward is connected with the Methodist School of Theology we have a right to expect Methodist ministers who will not be afraid of current questions, ministers who will meet labor unions, socialism, I.

W. W.'s and pacifists with an open hand, a warm heart, undaunted spirit and a sympathetic mind.

Speaking of ministers, that was a happy vacation afternoon that was given to the reading of William H. Simonds' story of Starr King in California (Paul Elder & Co.). The only regrettable element in this book is the much that was left out which one would wish to find in. Evidently Mr. Simonds compassed the field sufficiently to write a life and not simply an appreciation of this knightly soul that saved California to the Union in the anxious days of secession and rebellion. Through his enkindling eloquence one quarter of the entire sum contributed by the country to the Sanitary Commission Fund came from California, over a million and a quarter dollars. It has been well said that Starr King was the Sanitary Commission of California. Starr King, New England born and bred, bloomed into power in California. He anticipated Harry Ward by half a century or more in his sympathy with the laboring man, in the immediacy of his ministry, in his anxiety to interpret religion in terms not only of individual character but of co-operative holiness. He was a Harry Ward with a tremendous plus of eloquence and a courage that was determined to bring the thinking of Christendom as well as its charities down to date. "Starr King," says Mr. Simonds, "rivaled Theodore Parker in the strength and tenderness of his faith that man is the child of God." We wish we might have said this word of appreciation at the beginning rather than at the end of vacation, for perchance it might have induced some other preacher to have enriched his vacation by the reading of it.

Speaking again of preachers, here is a man for you, Franklin Spencer Spalding, whose story is told by John Howard Melish (Macmillan). Here is an Episcopalian who was alive, a bishop without frills. Doubtless he wore his canonical robes with grace on occasion, but we think of him more naturally in a cut-a-way coat. The sub-title of the book is "Man and Bishop," it might read "more man than Bishop." Mr. Spalding might be considered the Thomas Starr King of Utah. His father was a bishop before him. He pioneered it in Denver. The son went farther west and set up his headquarters at Salt Lake City. He served his apprenticeship in Erie, Pennsylvania. When the preachers of the town tried to omit the Unitarian minister from their meetings Spalding told them that there was not room enough for him if there was not room for the Unitarian pastor. So after that, the biographer says, the Unitarian, a liberal Presbyterian and Mr. Spalding were generally on one side of every question, the majority lined up on the other. His rise to the bishopric was heroic. "The quibbling over little points in Philadelphia," he writes, "made me sick, quite put me out of sorts. Only I felt that I wanted to preach like fury the simple gospel." Even his mother urged him "not to be peculiar and say queer things." He writes to his father, "I do not wish to be a bishop. I guess I will preach more heresy." Here is a man he could not admire, "A smug, sleek rector of a rich fashionable church who writes poetry and keeps talking generalities with the rich and influential." He had hard work to bring himself to the bishop's chair offered him. "The only reason I am going is because the church must have a man out there, and she has asked me to be that man whether I liked it or not. . . . How hard it is to do anything for the rich!" That part of his life stopped I suppose when he became a bishop. He was a man who noticed "what a brutalizing trade the cattle business may be." Of course the Mormon problem was a big problem, and he met it in a way that scandalized his Christian neighbors. He began by studying the Mormons, continued by appreciating them and then met their pseudo-scholarship with more scholarship. He subjected their Egyptian lore to the Egyptologists of the universities. Of course this man was president of the Utah Peace Society. He hated the whole business of war. "He was the most Godly, knightly soul whom I have ever met," said the Bishop of Alaska. All this splendid energy, this light set upon a hill, was extinguished by the careless hand of a reckless woman; in speeding her automobile she ran him down. When the news of his death reached a far off little mission in the mountains, people assembled at the little school house without a minister and a woman opened the prayer book and with broken voice, amid the sobs of men and women as they knelt about her, she read the burial service. O this book is brave vacation reading, but it will be good reading all the year round, particularly to the clerics of every name and position. When Charles D. Williams was consecrated as Bishop of Michigan, Bishop Spalding came from Utah to present him, and when the bishops assembled after the service to stamp the official documents of consecration with their Episcopal rings, Spalding came forward, and having no ring, pressed his thumb upon the warm wax, saying, "I give you the original and genuine sign of a man." Here was an Episcopal Bishop without an Episcopal ring, and I like him very much.

(To be continued.)

I received a letter from a lad, asking me for an easy berth. To this I replied: "You cannot be an editor, do not try the law; do not think of the ministry, let alone all ships and merchandise; abhor politics; don't practise medicine; be not a farmer; or a soldier or a sailor; don't study, don't think. None of these are easy. Oh, my son, you have come into a hard world. I know of only one easy place in it, and that is the grave!" *Henry Ward Beecher.*

A Unity Club Still at Work

The following private correspondence will, we hope, interest many UNITY readers, if for no other reason than that there remains in the western field, at least, one Unity Club that has survived the distractions and the spoliations of the last two decades. Twenty-five or thirty years ago UNITY had much to say about and do for "Unity Clubs" that were associated with, in one way or another, nearly every liberal church, at least in the west. Careful programs, specifying dates, subjects and students were published at the beginning of the season and religiously followed throughout the year. Such programs were concerned with masterpieces of literature, the major bards and great leaders of thought and reform. Those were the days of Browning Clubs, Tolstoy Circles; the days when Victor Hugo, John Ruskin, Herbert Spencer and John Fiske were bravely tackled and in most cases successfully though modestly mastered. How many of such clubs have survived, and like this brave club in Humboldt, Iowa, are preparing for another great winter's work. We will be glad to hear of such and report their progress for the benefit of their associates, and we will welcome other answers to our correspondent's request. Send in your questions. Let the claim so generally advanced that this war is a quickener of intellect, moving us on to better and higher things, be demonstrated. At least let the guardians of the intellectual life and the moral well-being of society never lose sight of the great truth that the war is but an incident in the great unfoldment of human nature, a ripple on the surface of the mighty tide of human history that is irresistibly bearing us onward, as we must believe, to something higher and better farther on.

Dear Editor:

Our Unity Club plans to study for a season Present Day Literature. The program committee have asked me to write you for such a list of present day authors as you would recommend for the purpose. We shall also be glad of any further suggestion you may give us in same connection. If we are not asking too much we shall greatly appreciate such reply as you may, without too much trouble, send us.

Thanking you in advance for reply, I am, most respectfully,

_____.

July 19, 1917.

Dear Friend:

Your letter pleases me because it carries me back to the old campaigning days when "Unity Clubs" were rife, and when they did things that seemed to me very worth while. Anyhow they tried to deal with real forces and enjoyed high intellectual communion in doing things together on high planes. It pleases me again to think that you would like to know what I would suggest, but I am sorry to say that I have fallen out by the way. I am afraid that my list of "modern authors" hardly comes down to "present day literature." The short story has occupied the forefront and it with the automobile, the "movies," the golf links and the over-clubbed men and women, so terribly "practical" that they are absorbed in "current events" and "business problems," have destroyed even the power of reading a lengthy book. With the short story writers I am almost wholly unacquainted. You can pick up any "school ma'am" at the cross roads in Iowa who will give you a better list than I can.

Of course the war literature invites study now, of course, also but little that is printed about the war on any side reaches the realm of literature, but the writings of Romain Rolland, Bertrand Russell and H. G. Wells' "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," are worthy of study as contributions to literature. Rolland's essay, "Above the Battle," in the book of that title, is a charming achievement in literature quite aside from its ethical value, while "Jean Christophe" is the only long story that I have read in many a month and notwithstanding a certain "Frenchiness," if I may use the word in a very questionable sense, it offers a most fertile field for real study. It makes music and musical lore interesting and profitable, even to the class to which Charles Lamb said he belonged, those "having no ears," in which class I myself must confess membership.

Coming to the realm of poetry there is more to be said and much to attract. It is a confusing but an obvious fact that in this gruesome age of confessed materialism and practical brutality, the age of lynchings and horrible war, conscriptions and all that, the output of poetry is unparalleled, at least in the English language, and however distressing the "free verse" and "imagist" people may be and however fugitive much of the magazine product may be, still there is an unquestioned deposit left of stuff quite worth co-operative study.

In England there are the poems of Rupert Brooke, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, Masefield, Abercrombie, Walter de la Mare,—counting for the time that William Watson, now "Sir," and Noyes belong to the older times,—who will reward study. In America the perplexity is that of selection. The temptation is to follow the anthologies which is a deadly program for the intellect, although it is hard to do without them. Last year I did some reading in Chicago from contemporary poets. I think I was inclined to put Percy MacKaye at the head of the pleasure bringers to me. His poem to "Goethals" would give him a permanent place in American literature if he never wrote anything else. Following MacKaye comes Robert Frost who lacks fire but has the insight into simple, plain American life which Gibson has into the life of the poor in England. Then there come Edgar Lee Masters, Vachel Lindsay and Carl Sandburg in the Chicago zone, men to be reckoned with but the skylights have been left out of their spiritual structure. For my own uses Josephine Preston Peabody, Margaret Widdemer, Sara Teasdale and many other women are very serviceable, while I have been unable to get much nourishment from Amy Lowell or any of her ilk.

If you want to pursue war poetry, "Ballads of Battle," by Lance-Corporal Joseph Lee and "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," by Robert Service, come to us from the front. There is a little collection of war poems published for free distribution by one of the Peace Societies which is choice. "Poems of the Great War," compiled by Cunliffe (Macmillan) is a more extensive collection. The Irishmen are still making interesting poetry. I was much interested in Ledwidge's "Songs of the Fields," literally by an Irishman out-of-doors. Some people will be distressed if I omit mentioning your Iowa man, Ficke, though I have somehow failed in "catching on" to him.

I have spoken somewhat disrespectfully of anthologies but they are indispensable and the compilations of Braithwaite, a colored man by the way, and of Jessie Rittenhouse, Secretary of the New York Poetry Society, are valuable. The latter's "Little Book of Modern Verse" and "High Tide," compiled by Mrs. Waldo Richards (Houghton Mifflin) are very rich in poetry that will stay.

I ought to have given a prominent place to the recent dramas which bid fair to become the present day method of discussing live questions and revealing the deeper workings of the human soul. A program could be arranged of such dramas that would prove a most interesting field for a season's co-operative study and provoke an unlimited amount of wholesome talk and frank discussion. Without attempting either a symmetrical or selective list I venture to mention such as occur to me: Zangwill's "Melting Pot," Galsworthy's "Strife," Beulah Dix's "Moloch," Moody's "The Great Divide," Stephen Phillip's dramas, Hauptman's "The Weavers" and Percy MacKaye's "The Immigrant." Marion Craig Wentworth's "The War Brides" are inreaching psychological studies, as are Gibson's dramas. The list undoubtedly could be lengthened most profitably.

I asked a teacher of English in a great high school in one of our most progressive cities to answer your question. I append the result.

But I have already written more than is necessary for I have darkened council with words. Nothing has taken the place of the old standbys in poetry to me. Emerson, Whitman and Browning are still the major prophets, unexhausted and ever rich in unmined ore.

Let us know how you are getting along. Maybe we can pick up some leaflets at arm's length out of our Chicago files, if so they will reach you under another cover.

Yours for "auld lang syne,"

THE SUGGESTIONS OF A HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER OF ENGLISH

POETRY

Yeats—The Wanderings of Orsin, The Lake Isle of Innisfree, The Hoisting of the Sidhe.
George Russel—From the Divine Vision and Other Poems, The Gates of Dreamland, The Master Singer, Beauty, The Call of the Sidhe, The Voice of the Waters.
Finoa Macleod—The Vision, The Lonely Hunter, The Rose of Flame.
Masefield—Story of a Round House.
Gibson—The Crane, The Machine.
Noyes—
The Imagists—Amy Lowell, H. D., Aldington, Flint, Masters, etc.

DRAMA

Jones—The Manoeuvers of Jane, Mrs. Davies' Defence.
Pinero—The Amazons, The School Mistress, Sweet Lavender.
Shaw—Candida, You Never Can Tell, Arms and the Man.
Barrie—Peter Pan, What Every Woman Knows.
Galsworthy—Strife, Joy, The Little Dream.
Phillips—Marpessa, Ulysses, Herod.
Lady Gregory—From "Seven Short Plays," The Gaol Gate, Spreading the News, Rising of the Moon, Grama; from "New comedies," McDonough's Wife, The Bogie Man.
Yeats—The Land of Heart's Desire, Countess Cathleen.
Synge—Riders to the Sea, Playboy of the Western World, Deirdre of the Sorrows, The Tinker's Wedding, In the Shadow of the Glen.
Arnold Bennett—Milestones, The Honeymoon.
Zangwill—The Melting Pot.

NOVELS

J. H. McCarthy—The Proud Prince, If I Were King.
Conrad—Youth, Typhoon, Lord Jim.
Bennett—Old Wives Tales, Clayhanger.
Galsworthy—The Man of Property, The Patrician.
Wells—The Time Machine, Mr. Britling Sees It Through.
Phillpotts—Children of the Mist, Demeters Daughter.
Hewlett—Life and Death of Richard Yea and Nay, The Stooping Lady.
Quiller-Couch—The Splendid Spur, The Delectable Duchy.
DeMorgan—Joseph Vance, Somehow Good.
Locke—The Beloved Vagabond.
Zangwill—The Children of the Ghetto.

ESSAYS

A. C. Benson—The Altar Fire, Beside Still Waters, Thy Rod and Thy Staff.
Chesterton—Varied Types, Heretics, Orthodoxy.

BIOGRAPHIES

Tennyson, Ruskin, Rosetti, Walter Pater, G. B. Shaw, Charles Dickens, Robert Browning.

The above correspondence and lists were studied in an informal way by a little group of people who happened to find themselves one quiet midsummer evening in the Ann Mitchell Library at Tower Hill, Wis. The group included a member of the Wisconsin State Library Commission, a professor of the Wisconsin State University, a high school teacher, a teacher in one of the leading private schools in Chicago and a Chicago University senior, who is specializing in English. The discussion emphasized in striking fashion the growth of the modern drama as the vehicle for the study of social problems and the enforcement of the civic and co-operative conscience. It also brought out the fact that the H. W. Wilson Company of White Plains, N. Y., has recently published two significant and helpful pamphlets on the lines discussed. One, entitled "Contemporary Drama," being a list chosen not from the standpoint of popularity but from its importance in the development of contemporary drama; the other, a companion leaflet, on "Contemporary English Literature, A Study Outline," reaching from Swinburne to Masefield. Both pamphlets are full of interesting suggestions and encouragingly up-to-date.

LOVE THE FULFILLING.

There's a "little empire" growing
On the hills amid the oaks,
That should be the self-expression
Of some true and earnest folks,
Who believe "God's love *is* wider
Than the measure of man's mind
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind,"
That its mighty sweep enfoldeth
Every creature He has made:
Those that frolic in the sunshine,
Those that burrow in the shade.
In His wondrous Mind creation,
He pronounced all "very good;"
All are stages leading upward
To a goal not understood.
Slowly, slowly, through the ages,
We are puzzling out the plan
Of that wonderful creation,
With its culmination—Man.

"Know thyself," the sages thundered,
Wrote it o'er their sacred shrines,
Yet its deep and mighty meaning,
Little yet the world divines.
For this lack "My people perish,"
Lo their feet have gone astray,
And the battle-fields of Europe,
With their internecine fray,
Are the hideous culmination
Of a long and devious way.
God is LIFE, the One, the Only,
Yet his people kill and slay,
Not alone their human brothers,
Not alone the sons of men,
But the dumb and hapless victims
Driven to the cattle-pen,
And the blythe and happy creatures
Of the hillside and the glen!

Impotent through your tradition,
Have ye made my great command,
And ye still must toil and suffer,
Till My Law ye understand.
O My people! O My people!
"Hush a little, and be still"
For within your soul's recesses
Speaks my voice: "Thou shalt not kill."
Ye proclaim Me the All-Mighty,
Very present help in need,
Yet ye doubt that Omnipresence
Can its countless children feed!
LOVE alone, it is, fulfilleth
Every title of the Law,
LOVE alone that *never faileth,*
Thinketh evil, seeth flaw.
In My image, I have made ye,
And the day will surely come,
Ye will love, as I AM loveth,
E'en the creatures that are dumb.

Chicago, August, 1917. MARY E. HAWLEY.

THE PULPIT

Jesus the Founder of Christianity and the Master of Men

III.

As He Appears in History — The Christ of the Creeds

Sermon Preached May 23, 1915, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Our Father, through the dissonance of the day may we hear the low, sweet music of eternity. Above the clouds of battle-smoke may we catch the rays of the unfailing sun. Beneath the bitterness of war may we discover the sweet harmonies of peace. The battle cry of the soldier is of the hour; the prayer of the mother is of the ages. Free us, Father, from the blindness, bitterness, foolishness that still believes violence more potent for justice than gentleness. Shame us, Father, out of the cowardice that leads us to tremble in the presence of the cannon's open mouth. Rather may we tremble in the presence of outraged homes and violated women.

Free us, Father, from the tyranny of creeds, of race and of language when these would limit our vision, harden our hearts and make bitter our spirits against our brothers and sisters who with equal sincerity seek protection under other flags and find inspiration in other battle-cries than ours. O God, muster us into the larger brotherhood, enable us to hold our ground on the battle lines where love and not hate is the inspiration.

Give us as a nation power to endure and if need be to die rather than wield the sword of violence in the name of the God of love. Make us peaceable, Father, make us citizens of the world, that we may help bring in the kingdom of love that knows no boundary lines save those of truth and justice. May our patriotism be of heaven and our "chosen land" be the land of peace where the kingdom of the righteous is established and the rule of the loving is supreme. Amen.

This pulpit delights not in controversy. You know well how little interest your preacher takes in theological disputations. Once every four or five years I feel called upon to declare myself in regard to the theological contentions of the times. When I speak I speak in as clear and forceful language as I can command. Unfortunately, perhaps for some of you, one of those times has come this morning; but those of you who have waited upon the ministry of this church during last winter know how the preacher has rejoiced in the privilege of trying to interpret the message and the mission of the men and women of the New Testament. I have been trying to bring the Gospel story down to date. To that end I have spoken to you on thirteen successive Sundays on "the Men of the New Testament," two Sundays on "the Women of the New Testament," and this is the third Sunday on "Jesus, the Master of Men," the hero of the New Testament.

First we tried to discover the Carpenter's Son, the man of Nazareth, as he is revealed between the lines of the first three Gospels. Not *in* the lines, because they were written a generation or more after his death, and the loving heart of humanity had already begun to elaborate and decorate the simple story. Next we tried to discover the Christ of Paul, no longer the Carpenter's Son, the peasant Galilean, but the Jewish "Messiah" arrived, the hope of the generations realized, the promise of the prophets come true.

This morning we will take another step and try to re-discover the Christ of the creeds. And finally, in our next study, we will try to interpret the Man of Nazareth as he abides in the hearts of the loving of today, in the life of civilization and the achievement of culture.

It is a long, long way from the clear skies that hung over Galilee and the simple way-side talks and lake-side precepts with which these studies began to the official representative of Jehovah to his people, the "commissioned messenger" from on high, as we discover him in Paul's writings, and it is a much longer way from the "Messenger" of Paul, the "Messiah" arrived, whose business it was to establish in due time on earth that kingdom promised by the prophets, to the imbecilities of creeds, historically speaking. For our purpose this morning we will study the three great historical creeds of Christendom, upon which are based all the other creeds, the Shorter and Longer Catechism, the confessions and conventions of the orthodox denominations.

The first historic creed, the so-called "Apostles' Creed," by common consent was not the apostles' creed at all. There is not a scintilla of evidence that the apostles had anything to do with it. It came into being sometime in the second century and seems to have found a place in the ritual of the infant church, perhaps in the third century. It was a piece of liturgy and has remained such in the historic church down to the present time. It is a short creed of only about twelve lines. You know it, perhaps better than I do, because I was not brought up on it as many of you doubtless were. Let us read it:

> I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.
>
> And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord, Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary, Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried, He descended into hell; The third day he rose again from the dead, He ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.
>
> I believe in the Holy Ghost; The holy Catholic Church; The Communion of Saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body, And the life everlasting.

This is the creed that is recited every Sunday in all the liturgical churches in Christendom from Rome to the English Church, and frequently in the ritual of the so-called evangelical churches.

Another hundred years elapsed, years of turbulent growth, of grapplings with almost impossible problems of taming wild men and training discordant nations into some kind of fraternal fellowship in the spirit of the Master and in the fear and nurture of God. It was a big task. The Roman Empire was in confusion. Armed men and mounted leaders were disturbing the peace of the then known world. Swords flashed from Rome to Alexandria. Asia, Africa and Europe were seething in a turmoil. A new social fabric was being woven and it was called Christianity. Constantine had declared the Roman Empire Christian, a questionable service to the new movement. Three hundred and eighteen bishops were summoned in the year 325 A. D. to Niceae, a little village some thirty miles from Constantinople, to formulate this creed. Niceæ was selected because it was sequestered away from the turmoil of a great city. There the bishops would not be disturbed in their solemn work. They were called to legislate a creed, they had come to determine by vote the meaning of Christianity and the nature, character and mission of its central figure. It was a long and stormy session, lasting three weeks

or more. The forces were nearly balanced. The great leaders in the contention, naturally enough, came from Alexandria, the philosophic center of the world, the home of mysticism, the school of metaphysics. It was the city of Philo, who, before the Man of Nazareth was even heard of, undertook to reconcile Moses to Plato, to interpret the Pentateuch in terms of Greek philosophy and art. The mighty leaders in this great creed battle, the greatest in history, were Arius and Athanasius. Arius stood for the more human interpretation of "the Christ." He is justly considered the patron saint of the Unitarians, but he was a very poor Unitarian from the modern standpoint, for, while he held hard to the human element in Jesus, he interpreted the Nazarene theosophically and lifted him above his human environs and human nature. Athanasius, on the other hand, more philosophical and perhaps more consistent, would lift Jesus entirely out of the human and identify him wholly with the Divine. He placed Jesus on the throne of the universe alongside of the Father. The battle raged, as the historical student knows, over the question whether the Greek word should be Homo (ou)sion or Homo (oi)sion, that is to say, whether Jesus was of the "same nature" as God or "like unto" God. Constantine, politician that he was, concluded to decide the controversy before it got any hotter, and threw the balance of his power on the side of the Athanasian Fathers, though his sister, Constantia, was a devoted supporter of Arius. The question was decided by a close vote, which made the Trinitarian rather than the Unitarian interpretation of Jesus orthodox forevermore in the established church. But the contention was not over, for within a year the balance seemed to be turning the other way. Perhaps the woman influence at the court, being more sincere and devout, was changing the political attitude of the Emperor. There were indications that another conclave must be called and that Arius might again have a hearing and the Unitarian interpretation receive official recognition, but just at that time, Arius, the Unitarian leader, was removed by sudden death. The devout followers of Athanasius considered the death of their opponent a visitation of God. He had been smitten and taken out of the way that the true faith might abide. Some Unitarians of later time have had a suspicion that it may have been a case of poisoning. Anyway, the conclusion of the conclave held in Nicæa in 325 A. D. stays, and on all feast days in the Episcopal Churches in both England and America, I believe, the Nicæan Creed is read. In this creed of Nicæa the twelve lines of the Apostles' Creed have grown to the twenty-two or more lines, and they have grown in dogmatism as well. The claws of the bigot here show themselves more clearly. It reads:

I believe in one God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible.

And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, Begotten of his Father before all worlds, God of God, Light of Light, Very God of very God, Begotten, not made. Being of one substance with the Father, By whom all things were made, Who for us men, and for our salvation came down from heaven, And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, And was made man, And was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate. He suffered and was buried, And the third day he rose again according to the Scriptures, And ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of the Father. And he shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead: Whose kingdom shall have no end.

And I believe in the Holy Ghost, The Lord and Giver of Life, Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, Who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified, Who spake by the prophets. And I believe in one Catholick and Apostolick Church. I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins, and I look for the Resurrection of the dead, And the life of the world to come. Amen.

Another hundred years, perhaps two hundred, elapsed. The story becomes more uncertain. Dates are vague. In spite of the skill of the scholars they cannot fix the date or the place of the convention that finally formulated itself into the third great creed of Christendom, falsely called Athanasian. The turbulent Athanasius must have been in his grave long before this, the third great historic creed of the church, came into being, a creed which the English church, I believe, requires its members to read in concert, at least once a year. I understand that this public reading is not obligatory in the Episcopal churches of America. The twelve lines of the Apostles' Creed, which grew into twenty-two in the Nicene, have now assumed the formidable proportions of fifty or more lines. They run thus:

Whoever will be saved: before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholick faith.

Which faith except every one do keep whole and undefiled: without doubt he shall perish everlastingly.

And the Catholick faith is this: That we worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity.

Neither confounding the Persons: nor dividing the substance.

For there is one Person of the Father, another of the Son: and another of the Holy Ghost.

But the Godhead of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, is all one: the Glory equal, the Majesty co-eternal.

Such as the Father is, such is the Son: and such is the Holy Ghost.

The Father uncreate, the Son uncreate: and the Holy Ghost uncreate.

The Father incomprehensible, the Son incomprehensible: and the Holy Ghost incomprehensible.

The Father Eternal, the Son Eternal; and the Holy Ghost Eternal.

And yet they are not three eternals: but one eternal.

As also there are not three incomprehensibles, not three uncreated: but one uncreated, and one incomprehensible.

So likewise the Father is Almighty, The Son Almighty: and the Holy Ghost Almighty.

And yet there are not three Almighties: but one Almighty.

So the Father is God, the Son is God: and the Holy Ghost is God.

And yet there are not three Gods: but one God.

So likewise the Father is Lord, the Son Lord: and the Holy Ghost Lord.

And yet not three Lords: but one Lord.

For like as we are compelled by the Christian verity: to acknowledge every person by himself to be God and Lord;

So we are forbidden by the Catholick religion: to say, There be three Gods, or three Lords.

The Father is made of none: neither created, nor begotten.

The Son is of the Father alone: not made, nor created, but begotten.

The Holy Ghost is of the Father and of the Son: neither made, nor created, nor begotten, but proceeding.

So there is one Father, not three Fathers; one Son, not three Sons: one Holy Ghost, not three Holy Ghosts.

And in this Trinity none is afore, or after another: none is greater, or less than another;

But the whole three Persons are co-eternal together: and co-equal.

So that in all things, as is aforesaid: the Unity in Trinity, and the Trinity in Unity is to be worshipped.

He therefore that will be saved: must think of the Trinity.

Furthermore, it is necessary to everlasting salvation: that he also believe rightly the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ.

For the right faith is, that we believe and confess: that our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is God and Man;

God, of the substance of the Father, begotten before the worlds: and Man, of the Substance of his Mother born in the world:

Perfect God, and perfect Man: of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting;

Equal to the Father, as touching his Godhead: and inferior to the Father, as touching his Manhood.

Who although he be God and Man: yet he is not two, but one Christ;

One, not by conversion of the Godhead into flesh; but by taking of the Manhood into God;

One altogether; not by confusion of substance: but by unity of Person.

For as the reasonable soul and flesh is one man: so God and Man is one Christ;

Who suffered for our salvation: descended into hell, rose again the third day from the dead.

He ascended into heaven, he sitteth on the right hand of the Father, God Almighty: from whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

At whose coming all men shall rise again with their bodies: and shall give account for their own works.

And they that have done good shall go into life everlasting: and they that have done evil into everlasting fire.

This is the Catholick faith: which except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Perhaps it was not necessary for me to read these three creeds to you that you might be intelligent on the subject, but I am afraid you are not too well acquainted with them. On these three great historic creeds of the second, the fourth and the fifth or sixth century are based the creedal assertions of the shorter and longer catechisms, the Westminster Confession and all the other documents down to the latest revision of the Congregational Church creed still pending. The attempt to formulate a statement that will bring about a federation of the churches of Christ is the hopeful movement in orthodoxy today. Some thirty different sects in the United States have given a more or less willing allegiance to such a statement, oftener less than more willing on the part of many of the individual believers.

Now what shall we say of these creeds? First, let us summon the historic sense and realize the vast flight of human intellect and human experience that reach from the great parable maker of Nazareth to the turbulent convention of three hundred and eighteen bishops at Nicæa and nobody knows how many successive conventions, which finally, after centuries of discussion, culminated in this creedal masterpiece, the so-called Athanasian creed. How different the atmosphere, how foreign to the simplicity of him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." And again, he said, "Verily, verily I say unto you, unless ye become as little children ye cannot enter into the Kingdom." What is the word of the Creed? "This is the Catholic Faith, which except a man believe faithfully he cannot be saved." Think of the little child on the knees of the Carpenter's Son trying to comprehend or even to recite the Athanasian creed!

It is a long way back to the formulating of this creed, but far be it from me to speak slightingly of the distance. Poor human nature has been trying to formulate infinity. Poor man, weak and blind, has been trying to adjust himself to the thought of the eternal God. He has been climbing by formulas and miracles up out of the commonplace and the profane into the superlative, the supernal, the Divine. Nay, more than that, he has been trying to forge a bond of union that would bind employer to slave, peasant to king, commanders of armies to the leaders among the helpers of men, the teachers, the mothers. It has been a great task and great things have been accomplished.

Three names stand out conspicuously in the history of creeds. Perhaps the Christian world has had but three great creed makers, Origen of the third century, Augustine of the fifth, and John Calvin of the sixteenth. These mighty logicians set themselves to the tremendous task of trying to interpret religion in such terms that it might weld together the minds of men. It was no individual creed they were trying to formulate. They wanted a national religion, a religion for a great organized political entity. They wished to join together great diversities of tribes and nations. They wanted to raise the Cross of Christ high above all the national banners of the world. They had a mighty task on hand; they wrought mightily. These three men bore names that every student of philosophy must reckon with. If you want to test your logical faculties, try reaching up to Augustine and test the edge of your intellect on John Calvin's "Institutes." This is an academic job, and no post-graduate in philosophy has much standing unless he has tried it and knows what it is. John Calvin's "Institutes" formulated themselves in five great philosophic points, the "five points" of Calvinistic theology. Someone has called them "iron points," and they are polished and sharpened at that. Here they are, Original sin, Predestination, Free grace, Vicarious atonement, and the Persistence of the Saints. How far can you go with these? How intelligent are you on these fundamentals of the Christian faith according to John Calvin?

But, grim as was his belief, let Calvin's name be spoken reverently in this pulpit. He was a pioneer of democracy. He brought law and order out of a defiant and wreckless Geneva. I recall that he consented to the burning of Servetus and that the extent of his clemency regarding this Unitarian heretic was that he would have commuted the sentence from slow burning to beheading. And still much that is great and splendid in modern history, in modern politics and statesmanship, comes straight from John Calvin. We have to thank Calvin in part for the stalwart Scotch Presbyterians and the mighty Puritan movement and for much that is splendid in our New England history. He was one of the great creed makers of history, but we must not discuss him further. Our task is rather to realize that today the perplexity of organized religion, particularly of Protestant Christianity, is how to reconcile this historic deposit with modern science; how to adjust life problems to these venerable dogmatic assertions; how to be loyal and devout members of some church, and at the same time independent, progressive and active members of a modern community. Perhaps you have solved this problem. I may not speak for you, but I venture to say that there are great numbers of our neighbors who have not solved it, for many communities today are indifferent, uncertain, vacillating, non-constructive, non-progressive in the face of the great issues of life sim-

ply because they have not squared their creed to the live causes of the twentieth century.

There is a call for some kind of an interpretation of religion that does not offer an indignity to cultivated minds. There is need of some kind of co-operative life in the spirit of religion and in the worship of the eternal that will not contradict the conclusions of science. There is a call for a creed that will at least bring the thinking of the church down to date and the work of man up to his worship. Today we find the Christian outgrowing his Christian banners in order that he may wave colors that will truthfully represent his enthusiasms. The heart of man calls for a creed today that is at least as far reaching as the kindly spirit, one that will seek to bring his thinking to the altar. Most of the confusions of theology come in the effort to reconcile outgrown creeds to growing knowledge. There is a faith that is unchallenged by the growing experience and widening thought of man, and that faith is all in the direction of the growing "divinity of man," and what someone has called the growing "humanity of God." No longer can the whole heart be bowed in the worship of a God that rules a parallelogram-shaped earth, a God who is the director of a three-story universe, with earth on the surface, a heaven above and hell beneath, such as medieval piety constructed. We cannot now satisfy the thinking man unless we have a God that is bigger than the earth we know about, a God that is adequate to the astronomical spaces of which the ancient creed makers could not know.

The churches need a creed that a telescope cannot see across, they call for a fellowship that will not brook the dividing lines of denominations, or tolerate the arrogance of a too complacent Christianity. The devout heart realizes that there is something holy in love, in duty, in death and in immortality that is not adequately formulated in any of the old creeds. The devout heart is trying to make liturgical Emerson's lines:

> Line in nature is not found,
> Unit and universe are round
>
> . . . . .
>
> Draw who can the mystic line
> Severing rightly his from thine,
> Which is human, which divine?

In all this it is well to note that it is not the beliefs of Christendom that trouble us but the unbeliefs, the *make*-beliefs. Belief is always sanitary. The soul is saved by conviction. Conviction is the salt that preserves the life from ennui, from loneliness, from hypocrisy. And the burden of today is not that people believe these creeds which we have been reading, but because they make-believe about them. They read in church what they do not accept and will not teach at the fireside. I would rather be a *persuaded, believing* priest in the narrowest kind of church than a believer of the broadest and most advanced and intelligent of confessions sheltered behind a pretended belief in the conventional creeds of orthodoxy.

The ghastly thing about these creeds is the modern attempt to keep them on the books, to galvanize the dead bodies and make them move as if alive. An old creed gathers around itself the ivy of tradition, the blossoming vines of association, while the new creed may seem bald and hard and cold.

I wandered seven miles through the rain, I was cold and numb and wet to the skin when I reached Tintern Abbey. Oh, how it rained as I stood within its unroofed walls without an umbrella! But it was a memorable moment, the impression of which has never left me. Those crumbling arches entwined in living green, those high walls from which the roof had fallen generations ago, had grown into a flower garden. Roses were in full bloom up there whose seeds had been carried up by the birds and the winds, and the seed had found abundant soil made from the decaying timbers of a fallen roof. It was wonderful to me, a memorable visit. The old abbey fitted well and justified the Wordsworth sonnet. On my way home I visited in New York City the growing walls of the great Catholic edifice whose builders hoped to make a real cathedral in America. Some of the walls had reached the height of the walls of Tintern. Certainly, all that knowledge of temple achitecture could do to reproduce a cathedral upon American soil was then in process of realization in New York. But why did those unfinished arches distress me, although the crumbling arches had touched me unspeakably? Why did the New York cathedral look cold and forbidding and arouse in me a sense of resentment? Because Tintern belongs to the thirteenth or fourteenth century, while the New York structure pretended to belong to the nineteenth. Tintern is today wreathed in the stories of great sacrifice, of high art, of noble devotion. The New York cathedral was being erected as an outpost against infidelity, a fortified point on the battle line against reason, and on many counts, in defiance to reason. At least so I apprehended the situation, and that is why the great structure chilled and antagonized me.

So I have taken this ungracious subject into my desk this morning because, first, a logical interpretation of my thought required it. I should like to fill our hearts with gratitude for the rounds in the ladder upon which we have climbed. I would increase our respect for and our use of the higher rounds which permit the anxious soul to catch wider visions of God than were ever vouchsafed to the ancient creed makers, even though they were the master intellects; Origen, Augustine and Calvin.

Now one thing more. I want to suggest that as we climb this ladder of the creeds they grow shorter but sweeter, less definite but more compelling, until we realize that roses grow on the ruin of the old and that out of the decay of cathedrals come the ever living vines that draw nourishment from the earth below but are watered from the heavens above.

The scholars are now inclined to think that the Athanasian Creed, which is such a jumble that it almost provokes our merriment, was never written to be read, but that it rather was a part of a musical service and meant to be chanted. You know how musicians like to take a very simple phrase and sing it over and over, up and down, forward and back, and make it impressive and beautiful. The story goes that Brooke Herford once said to Bishop Phillips Brooks, "How can you read the kind of stuff you have in your creed?" and the good bishop promptly replied, "I don't, I sing it!" That was not an evasion but an explanation of the question. In singing it he joined the chorus of the centuries. In singing it it became laden with the devotion and aspiration, the devoutness and convictions of generations. He did not sing it for Phillips Brooks, he sang it for the fellowship it represented and the traditions that were hallowed in it. So, I like to recall once in a while the old creeds for singing

purposes, but for ourselves we have found a more satisfactory hymn-book than one which contains the old creeds. Is it not possible to present a sober, brave front to the future, even to the later and still later revelations that come to and through the human mind, and at the same time to stand uncovered in respectful awe in the presence of the powerful creeds of the centuries gone?

Far be it from me to touch with flippant hand the creed I would not subscribe to though it cost my right hand to refuse. Far be it from me to sneer at the believer who chants the creed I would not affirm though my tongue should cleave to the roof of my mouth in refusing. For in my creed there is no bottomless hell of endless woe. In my creed there is no angel-protected heaven of exclusive conceit. In my creed there is no place for a fallen Adam, because there was no Adam. There is no place for a "damned soul" or a "ruined race," because the race I know has been climbing and is still climbing from the humblest forms of life, through the experience of bird and quadruped, up to man. And the climb continues from the coarse, untutored dweller in the cave up to the heights whereon Newton and Darwin and Goethe and Emerson dwell with all the great singers and artists and lovers of the world. And in my creed there is still possible a climb that will lift nations out of the stage of brutality where guns represent the refinement of the horn and the tusk and the disemboweling instruments of the shark, the armed animals of geologic ages, pre-human creations, the prototype of our dreadnaughts. The force that eliminated those brainless beasts of past ages, is yet to eliminate the battleships, the surviving brutal contrivances of science.

Here is where I stand in the interest of the fellowship that reaches out both hands, one through orthodoxy to cathedrals, to the popes and beyond, and the other to Jerusalem and Benares, wherever there are devotees who would conjure in the interest of the spiritual life by the name of Moses, Buddha, Mohammed, Confucius, Zoroaster, Socrates or Jesus. I claim a place somewhere in the line that reaches from pope to pagan. I would be tender towards all in that line and respectful of the succession all the way up and down the long line of seekers after Truth, Righteousness and Love.

Grateful for the holy past, students of the sacred present, hopeful for the prophetic future, we would go forth from this place to so live that the Gospel of love may abound more and more abundantly in our hearts, in our country, and throughout the world. Amen.

A Fresh Study of the Color Problem

Mr. Paul Kester is the author of the latest work on our national race problem, a novel and a rather remarkable book, bearing the title, "His Own Country" and the imprint of Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The hero of the tale is Dr. J. C. Brent, a young man of black and white parentage who after the war freed him made his way north into Canada, where he studied medicine under a renowned French physician, whose daughter he married. He inherited her fortune when she died, leaving two children. He married a second time, another white woman, rose to a distinguished position, professionally and socially, unhampered by the race feeling which existed across the border in both sections of the republic.

The story opens with the sale of Comorn Hall, the largest personal estate in the small southern town of Weyanoke Cross Roads, in which generations of the aristocratic Beverly family had lived and died until the ravages of war compelled its sale to a stranger from Canada. The negotiations were conducted in writing, the wife of the new owner preceded him by a few weeks, and not until he appeared on the scene was the whole truth revealed. Expectation had run high in the little southern community. Lavish preparations had been made for the newcomers in the great hall, rumors of his wealth and of his former residence in the vicinity, though nobody seemed to be able to place him, had aroused high hopes at the Cross Roads. The minister had written to welcome the new neighbor in advance, soliciting a subscription for the church, which won a prompt response in the form of a handsome check. The local sheet had stimulated public interest by its fulsome editorials, securing not only a new subscription but the purchase of stock from the generous but still unknown Dr. Brent. The church had elected him to the vestry. A self-appointed committee of leading citizens met the newcomer at the boat landing on the day of arrival.

Such are the main features of the general scene with which the first chapters open. Dr. Brent is recognized as a former slave on the Brentwood estate whose patronymic he has kept for his own. The story is a long one, proceeding through a multitude of incidents, and sympathetically told. Its didactic purpose is sufficiently revealed, but it is one of such broad and inclusive nature that it compels the reader's deeper interest and demonstrates the writer's artistry of purpose all the better. Mr. Kester has drawn his white characters from the best social type, among which the old, fire-eating southron, proud, domineering and bellicose, breathing fire and thunder at the least offense, does not appear. Such an omission may be greatfully noted, but there is a question if it does not rob the general picture of a degree of veri similitude. The plot is too long and intricate to be described. Besides all the disturbing racial complications it reveals a tangled financial situation between the great houses of Comorn and Brentwood, a painful mystery in the Brent's history to which the mulatto intruder alone holds the key.

The writer cannot, however, be accused of sectionalism. Though his main motive may not be easily described his sympathy with all the actors in the drama is quite manifest, and this is the creative artist's correct attitude. He is evidently deeply impressed with the Negro's growing strength, and foresees a possible Black Crusade, a general uprising of black against white. In this he is happily misled. Such a means of reprisal might be natural enough, but there is nothing in the Negro's past history, as slave or freedman, that justifies such a conclusion. The Negro has a higher role to play than that of avenger. He is the best living example of the virtue and power of nonresistance. He will reach his goal by better means than the punishment of his enemies. But perhaps Mr. Kester means his Black Crusade to serve only a fictional purpose. He has written a significant and powerful book. We hope it will receive the wide and thoughtful reading it so eminently deserves.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

HOME AGAIN

The editorial sanctum and force connected therewith are back at the Centre. The hospitable shades of Tower Hill are deserted for another year. All communications concerning UNITY and its relations should be sent to its permanent address, 700 Oakwood boulevard, Chicago.

The thanks of the editorial force are due and heartily given to those who have helped make the vacation a real season of rest and who in their patience and forbearance have overlooked the shortcomings and mistakes incident to the long armed editing.

SPIRITUAL LEADERSHIP

(From the Bulletin of the Methodist Federation for Social Service.)

The major duty of men and women who are the teachers of religion in this day of crisis for the nation and the world is to furnish spiritual leadership. This duty becomes concrete at three points:

1. *Keep down Hate!*

What does it mean in war time to "love your enemies"? That is for the teachers of Christianity to discover.

At least keep down the spirit of vengeance, hatred and unjust suspicion.

2. *The Defense of Democracy.*

Maintain and guard the right of free speech. Its abuse is not as dangerous as its suppression.

In the heat and pressure of war is no time to discuss a permanent policy of universal military service.

This war will neither defend nor extend democracy if it ends with a permanent military system fastened upon the United States. This would inevitably stimulate competitive armaments all over the world.

At this turning point in history our policy must be *"War Must Be Destroyed!"*

To keep the dust and sweat of the conflict from obscuring this high purpose prophetic voices and vision will be needed.

3. *Creating the International Mind.*

This nation has been called to war for international ends. But the mounting of the war fever may blind the vision. As a belligerent we may become entangled in selfish national ambitions or fears. Christianity is an international religion. Now is the time of times to preach its international elements, that the people may not call upon a tribal God, but may seek the justice and the righteousness and the love of the All-Father. No other power can hold the feet of the nation unfalteringly in the difficult path that leads to the goal its leaders have chosen.

VICE BEHIND THE FRENCH LINES

Ex-President Eliot, of Harvard, took a testy bull by the horns in a letter last week to the New York *Evening Post*. Writing on sexual vice and the alcoholism which is its partner, he said:

The failure of the French government to protect their soldiers from these evils is the gravest error that government has committed; for those vices have proved more destructive to the French people since August, 1914, than all the German artillery, rifles, hand grenades, poisonous gases and fire blasts. The killed and wounded by shot and shell transmit no poison to their families and descendants—the victims of alcohol and prostitution do.

A friendly desire to refrain from criticizing France and the position of the Committee on Public Information which deprecates publication of material criticizing our allies, has all but prevented discussion of the situation behind the French lines, in spite of the figures on the incidence of venereal disease among the Canadian and Australian troops. But it has given the gravest concern to social hygienists, to the Y. M. C. A., and now, it is said, to General Pershing and his staff.

The situation seems to be that with our restrictions on the sale of liquor and on the social conditions of communities in which training camps are established, we shall send to Europe the cleanest troops since the time of Cromwell's armies. At the front they will be immediately and completely exposed to the results of the French policy of *laissez-faire* in all things sexual. And France is so sensitive to discussion of her morals and manners that no one has, as yet, thought of a way out.

—*The Survey*, September 8, 1917.

MENNONITES REFUSE ALL WAR SERVICE

A press dispatch from Goshen, Ind., dated September 1st, says that at the biennial conference of the Mennonite Church of the United States, recently held there, the following recommendation to members of the church was adopted:

"To our brethren, liable for military service, we recommend that they comply with every requirement of the Government, availing themselves of every opportunity to present their claims for exemption, exercising care that they do not commit any acts that could be rightfully interpreted as desertion or treason, and at the time when they receive the summons to enter the military service they present themselves to the authorities and meekly inform them that under no circumstances can they consent to service, either combatant or non-combatant, under the military arm of the Government; citing to them the fact that they are members of a church whose creed and principles forbid them to take part in war in any form, and that their conscience coincides with this position; submitting to any penalty the Government may see fit to inflict, trusting the Lord for guidance and protection."

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